

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"The Phantom of the Gay Bar"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

CHARLES strides into the bullpen with a spring in his step.

CHARLES

Good morning, Nine-Nine. The vibes
in here are on fleek. Yeet!

ROSA, JAKE, and AMY, gathered around Jake's desk, turn to
him. Amy has a disposable coffee cup in hand.

ROSA

Well, Boyle's cracked. Looks like I
owe Terry ten bucks.

AMY

Do you think he's having a stroke?
Should we call an ambulance?

Charles swaggers as he crosses the bullpen.

CHARLES

It's dank, everyone. Nikolaj
expressed an interest in the
internet, so I've been vibin' the
young teen sites.

JAKE

Young teen? Ah, where has the time
gone?

Charles "dabs," poorly; his arms stiffly jutting out at the
sides and his chin nearly touching his chest.

AMY

Boyle, you sound like Jake after I
made him watch *The Britannia*
Documentaries.

JAKE

Uh, way smart and cool?

Amy cringes.

CHARLES

Guys, don't be dummy thick. This is
how the kids are talking these
days!

ROSA
Key word "kids."

CHARLES
Fam, did you know there's a whole
websites dedicated to this stuff?
It's called "urban dictionary."

Charles takes his phone from his pocket and holds it up, the
website open on his screen.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
I learned what a furry is!

AMY
Oh, God.

She takes a long drink of her coffee.

CHARLES
Look if you don't get it, it's
okay. You're just not as deadass as
I am!

JAKE
Charles, what made you think this
was a good idea?

Charles tucks his phone away.

CHARLES
I don't want to be a lame dad,
Jake, I gotta stay on fleek. I
wanna flex weird on the haters.

JAKE
Well, it's definitely weird.

CHARLES
Okay, boomer.

AMY
Alright, I've heard enough.

Amy slugs back the rest of her coffee.

AMY (CONT'D)
This bitch empty. Yeet!

Amy hurls the empty cup overhand, sending it across the
bullpen and into a trash can. She heads to the elevator.

Jake and Charles watch after her.

CHARLES

Oh... so that's how you say it.

JAKE

Does Nikolaj know that?

CHARLES

Nope. I better catch him before the other kids hear him.

Charles rushes away.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. BULLPEN - DAY

HITCHCOCK and SCULLY are at their desks, Hitchcock squinting at his computer screen and Scully nodding off. Scully drools on himself.

Hitchcock suddenly reaches across and smacks Scully.

HITCHCOCK
Dude, Scully!

Scully sputters awake.

HITCHCOCK
Remember when I signed up for that Wing Slutz email subscription and you said they were only gonna send spam?

Scully wipes drool from his chin.

SCULLY
I remember everything we do at Wing Slutz.

HITCHCOCK
Well, check this out.

Hitchcock turns his computer monitor to face him. On the screen is a flashing rainbow image of chicken wings.

HITCHCOCK
This week only, half price meals for partners!

Scully grabs his coat.

SCULLY
What are we doing in this dump, then? Let's go, partner!

The two scramble away from their desks, tripping over each other. Jake passes them as he approaches Charles typing hurriedly at his desk.

JAKE
Hey Boyle-

CHARLES

Not now, Jake. There's too much on my plate for a chat, right now, even with you. I need to post my breakfast to the blog before I have to call it brunch.

Jake leans on the desk.

JAKE

Oh, yeah. Your restaurant dash thing.

CHARLES

You bet. Pride Week has officially started, and every foodie in New York wants my review of the local specials.

JAKE

Yeah, Amy was up all night with her nose in a binder about it.

CHARLES

Speaking of Amy, have you seen her today? I need that schedule if I want to keep up.

JAKE

Not since we left the house. I gotta meet with Holt, but I'll help you find her after. Okay?

Charles focuses on his work as Jake leaves his desk and heads for the captain's office.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

HOLT sits behind his desk with a file in his hands.

JAKE

Captain! You ready to protect and serve looks this week?

HOLT

You mean, am I as a gay, black man ready to make a performance of my sexuality to appease societal expectations?

JAKE

No?

HOLT

I don't have time to explain how heteronormativity permeates the culture. Right now, the NYPD is swamped.

JAKE

(sighs)

Why do celebrations and festivals bring out the worst crime?

HOLT

Actually, Pride Month is dedicated to the first Pride riot at the Stonewall Inn.

JAKE

Yeah, a riot against the police, like us.

HOLT

And thanks to revolutionaries like Marsha P. Johnson, gay men like me can be open about their sexuality no matter where they work.

Holt looks to the ceiling.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Rest in power, queen.

JAKE

Rest in power, queen.

HOLT

To my original point, the entire precinct is stretched thin. I need you to take only one other detective with you on this case I have, here.

Holt lays the file down on his desk and Jake looks it over.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Late this morning, the Gay Eighties drag bar reported a threat to their performers.

JAKE

What kind of threat? Bomb?
Chemical?

HOLT

Not sure. That's why we need to be extremely careful with this. A police presence might scare the perp into action.

JAKE

A stealth operation? At a drag club? Is this for real?

HOLT

(monotone)

Oh, this is serving us all the realness, honey.

JAKE

Uh, I thought you didn't want to make your sexuality a performance?

Holt snaps his fingers. His expression never changes.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'll start working on this right away, Captain Holt. You can count on me, and only one, single teammate!

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

As Jake steps out of the office, he looks to Charles at his desk, still typing.

JAKE

Well, Charles is out of the question...

Jake opens the file, and TERRY approaches him.

TERRY

What's going on, Jake? You look stumped.

JAKE

Some jerk left an ominous threat at a drag bar. Check it out, this could mean anything!

Jake hands over the note in an evidence bag. Terry takes it.

TERRY

"Cancel the Pride Week drag show, or a disaster beyond your imagination will occur?" Jake! Do you know what this means?

JAKE

No, that's why I said "this could mean anything."

TERRY

This is a quote from the Phantom of the Opera!

Terry looks over his shoulder at Holt in his office.

TERRY (CONT'D)

How did you miss this, Captain? I thought you loved Broadway.

Holt rises and scoffs.

HOLT

I am a fan of the *theater*, Sergeant Jeffords. This is Andrew Lloyd Webber. The man puts synthesizers on an organ and deems it fit for the stage? For shame.

Holt slams the door.

JAKE

Come to think of it... Why do you know this? You don't strike me as a musical guy.

TERRY

Uh, well... Terry wanted to treat Sharon to a play for our anniversary last year. I went with her for a date night, just being a good husband!

INT. THEATER - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

MUSIC plays O.S. Over darkened theater seats. Rivers of tears stream down Terry's face as he follows the actors and sound with his eyes. SHARON dozes at his side.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY - BACK TO SCENE

JAKE

Right... Hey, why don't you help me with this case?

TERRY

Me? Why me?

JAKE

Because you're a Phantom of the Opera expert!

TERRY

No! I'm not an expert. What are you trying to say?

JAKE

Come on, there's no way this is a coincidence. Holt said I could only have one person with me, and you know about the perp!

Terry nervously shifts.

TERRY

Alright Jake. But only to investigate the place with you. After that, you're on your own.

JAKE

Yes! Terry and Jake are going to a gay bar!

TERRY

Don't say it like that.

Amy bursts through the room, shoving Jake and Terry aside, a binder clutched tight to her chest.

AMY

'Scuse me!

Amy tears through the bullpen, her hair disheveled and eyes sunken like she's not slept much. She slams the binder open on Charles desk. He jumps and stares into her eyes.

AMY (CONT'D)

Charles! We have a problem, and her name is Molly Grant.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY**

Amy and Charles stare down the street over the top of an open binder. At the end of the street is a gathering of protestors with anti-LGBT picket signs in front of a restaurant.

AMY

How could I be so stupid?

CHARLES

Hey, Jake would never marry someone stupid.

AMY

But this place is your last stop for the restaurant dash, and I completely overlooked this group's permit when I charted your path.

CHARLES

Maybe they'll be gone by tomorrow?

AMY

Not likely. The Pride Parade runs on the parallel road, no way these guys will miss that.

CHARLES

So that means...

AMY

This place is going to be crawling with protestors when you get here.

CHARLES

And everyone knows Boyles are too squishy for big, angry crowds! I'll never make it through alive.

AMY

Are you sure that you can't just wait a few hours? Maybe it'll die down.

CHARLES

Oh, Amy. My review hinges on a meal's freshness. What do you want me to do?

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Tell my readers "Well, it probably would have been good a few hours ago, when the stock was rotated in?"

Flustered, Amy watches the group as Charles talks. A WOMAN lifts her megaphone and gives directions to the protestors from atop a soap box.

AMY

Hold on. I have an idea.

Amy thrusts her binder into his arms and marches down the sidewalk.

She catches the woman's eye and shoots her a smile.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm guessing you're Molly Grant?

MOLLY

That's right. We have a permit to be here, I filed it with the city myself.

AMY

Oh, I know. I just wanted to ask you a quick favor, if that's okay?

Molly steps down from her box and meets Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're a strong woman. I get that. I love that! And, honestly, I'm inspired that you've been able to motivate and organize all these people!

MOLLY

Alright.

AMY

And, well, I just was wondering... Do you think you could take a break from protesting the parade tomorrow?

MOLLY

That's your idea of a favor?

AMY

Maybe you could protest something else!

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

You guys could band together to save the whales, or green energy, or gender equality.

MOLLY

Right. Say, I'll tell you what.

Molly leans in close like she's going to talk to Amy in private. Then Molly hoists up her megaphone in Amy's face.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

We! Are not going! Anywhere!

Amy reels. Molly hops back on her soap box and hoists a sign with fervor.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

The LGBT has perverted the NYPD to their cause!

AMY

Wait! What?

MOLLY

The police are in their pocket, but they can't muscle us out!

The protestors cheer.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

No LGBT in NYC! You can count on us to be here, day and night, as long as this city encourages depravity!

Amy tries to protest and get Molly's attention, but the crowd swarms around her and drowns her out. The crowd shoves her from side to side.

She squirms out of the group and slinks back to Charles.

CHARLES

That... was your plan?

AMY

No. I thought I could distract them with something else, but I think I just made it worse...

CHARLES

It's okay, Amy. I'll just mark this location off the list. The world will have to go without...

Amy looks over her shoulder as the crowd CHANTS "No LGBT in NYC." She turns back to Charles and takes the binder from him.

AMY

No. My team is stationed here tomorrow. We can figure something out.

CHARLES

You mean it?

AMY

My binders never fail. We're going to get you through this crowd one way or another.

CHARLES

As long as either way keeps my bones intact, I'm on board!

The two fist bump. Charles nurses his fist.

INT. WING SLUTZ - DAY

Hitchcock and Scully enter Wing Slutz and approach a WAITRESS at a host station near the front. She beams at them.

WAITRESS

Welcome to Wing Slutz, guys! We've all been wondering when you would get here.

SCULLY

You were expecting us?

WAITRESS

Of course! We have a deal going on right now for partners. You guys are partners, right?

HITCHCOCK

You're damn right we are!

WAITRESS

I knew it! That's why you're always in here together.

She gathers menus and leads them toward a nearby table.

SCULLY

Well, it's about time we got some recognition around here.

HITCHCOCK

Yeah, we've been coming here for years and never gotten a discount just for being together.

The two settle into their chairs.

WAITRESS

Well, it's a new promotion. We're just glad you made it. One large bucket?

SCULLY

You betcha.

The waitress grabs a bucket and delivers it to the table quickly.

The waitress leans back against the bar with CO-WORKERS, watching the two as they dig in. They whisper among themselves and smile warmly.

Hitchcock and Scully scarf down wings and grin at each other through thick sauce around their lips.

HITCHCOCK

Waitress! Bring us another bucket!

INT. GAY 80S CLUB - DAY

The stage room of the club is dark aside from lights around the base of the stage and over the bar in the back corner. A BARTENDER busily cleans and stocks behind the bar.

The stage is empty. A disco ball hangs overhead. The back of the stage is covered by a thick curtain displaying the image of a fully glam drag queen's face. "Miss Turi" is spelled out next to her smile in fancy letters.

TERRY

I don't see anything here that would remind me of the opera.

JAKE

Well, there has to be something.

TERRY

The stage doesn't even have a pulpit!

JAKE

Some people don't care for pulpit,
Terry. Let's split up. Maybe the
bartender knows something.

TERRY

I'll ask him. He might have seen
the perp and didn't know.

JAKE

I'll start backstage. Gotta be
clues there.

Terry takes out his notepad and heads to the bar. Jake heads
to the stage.

Jake runs a hand along the stage, then MUSIC swells in the
room. The disco ball lights up.

The curtain splits. A VOICE vocalizes with a loud note. Miss
Turi, herself, is revealed. She wears pumps, her wig, and a
shimmering gown, but her makeup is not complete.

Miss Turi vocalizes again, but cuts herself off. She shrieks.

The curtain drops around her, knocking her to the side before
it can crash on top of her.

MISS TURI

Hey! What the hell? These nails
were expensive!

Lights flash up above as they catch on a FIGURE in the
rafters.

Terry leaps onto the stage, rushing for Miss Turi.

TERRY

(shouting)

Jake! It's a clue! This is the
Phantom's work!

Jake looks at the rafters again. The figure has stilled and
is hunched over looking at Jake.

JAKE

Stop right there! NYPD!

The figure dashes away.

JAKE (CONT'D)

He's running!

Jake gives chase, ready to grab his gun as he bounds over the crumpled curtain.

INT. GAY 80S CLUB BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jake swerves around racks of feathery, sequined, rhinestone, spandex, and lace outfits that surround the stage entrance.

He skids around a corner to face rows of wigs, lit mirrors, and vanities covered in makeup, glue sticks, and hairspray. A few queens without wigs or full costume primp in front of them.

The Phantom drops down from the ceiling in front of Jake.

JAKE
Freeze, dirtbag!

The Phantom barely glances over his shoulder as he takes off again at a full sprint.

Jake reaches for his gun. The queens panic and shout. Jake grits his teeth and runs forward, empty-handed.

Larger stage props and gear crowd the hall further down. Jake dodges and weaves around them, tripping and stumbling more than once.

The Phantom leaps ahead, dodging around the obstacles with ease and strong steps. He quickly puts distance between himself and Jake, then disappears at the end of the hall.

Jake approaches a wall covered in old newspapers plastered on it, but one flutters over a shadow.

Jake takes the corner of the newspaper in his fingers and tugs, bringing open a section of the wall with it. A makeshift cardboard doorway covering a hole in the wall!

Jake dives through...

INT. STORAGE GARAGE - DAY

... and stumbles into a dark storage garage. Dark, hulking objects create shadows all around Jake.

Jake whips a flashlight from a pocket and swings its light beam over the strange shapes. They sparkle with rainbow colors and painted flowers.

He drops down and shines the light under the floats as well, but only sees tires and paper mache.

Jake gets to his feet and points his light along the wall until it lands on a switch. He throws it and the lights come on overhead. But there is no one else around.

JAKE

What the French tuck! How did he do that?

TERRY (O.S.)

Jake? Where are you?

Jake pushes the cardboard door open to find Terry.

JAKE

In here.

Terry follows Jake through the hole in the wall.

TERRY

What is this?

JAKE

Looks like this is where a bunch of floats are being stored until the parade, tomorrow.

TERRY

I can see that. But why is there a doorway between here and the club?

JAKE

I don't know. It's probably not supposed to be there.

TERRY

Well, if our guy blew a hole in the wall, someone would have complained about it. I guess that tells us he doesn't have explosives.

JAKE

Does that track with your Phantom of the Opera theory?

TERRY

He disappeared. Classic Phantom. And dropping the curtain? Straight from the play. But that's not good news.

JAKE

It gets worse?

TERRY

If he's following the path of the Phantom, then I think I know what his next move is. And it's going to be a big one.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. BULLPEN - DAY

Amy and Charles sit at Charles's desk, and hang their heads.

AMY

What if we put a fake snake in the road?

CHARLES

Those protestors aren't going to be scared by their own kind. Maybe a road block?

AMY

That'll stop cars, but not people.

They sigh.

AMY (CONT'D)

Maybe we can put you in a suit of armor! So you can get through them.

CHARLES

How many suits of armor are Boyle-sized, Amy? In medieval times, Boyles were simple farmers! Well, except for the ones that went crazy practicing witchcraft...

AMY

Focus, Charles. Unless we can come up with something to stop those protestors tomorrow, they'll show up in droves.

Hitchcock rolls backward in his chair and leans in close to the desk.

HITCHCOCK

Y'know, you could just have your last stop be at Wing Slutz. Bring Amy, you'll get half price as partners!

AMY

But we're not partners.

HITCHCOCK

They don't know which squad you're in, Amy!

AMY
I don't think -

HITCHCOCK
Well *that's* obvious. Suit yourselves.

Scully pokes his head up from behind his desk.

SCULLY
Your loss!

HITCHCOCK
Let's ditch these fools, Scully. I think it's time for second lunch.

Hitchcock wheels himself away from Charles and Amy. He holds up both middle fingers.

Charles and Amy share a look.

CHARLES
You know, thinking about my inseam gives me an idea.

AMY
Do I want to know?

CHARLES
Genevieve fits into my police uniform, you know. What if, instead of getting the protestors to leave, we just make them move?

AMY
I don't know if I follow.

CHARLES
It's so simple! We'll put Genevieve in my uniform and have her stand with your squad. You show up before I get to the restaurant and cause a distraction!

AMY
What kind of distraction?

CHARLES
A kiss! Just a stage kiss, of course, but the protestors won't know!

AMY
Charles!

CHARLES

Come on, it's perfect! They'll just see two women kissing, as far as they know, and all their attention will be on you two long enough for me to get inside.

AMY

No, Charles, the problem is that impersonating a police officer is a felony!

CHARLES

Well, it's not like we're going to have her do police stuff. It'll be our little secret.

AMY

No way. Absolutely not.

CHARLES

Amy, I didn't want to play this card, but it's kind of your fault we're in this mess.

AMY

And I'll find a way to fix it that doesn't break the law.

CHARLES

More like bending the law...

AMY

Let's go over the schedule again. There has to be something we're not seeing.

CHARLES

Like how I'm not going to see the inside of the restaurant...

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Jake and Terry look over a bulletin board with their clues compiled on it. The first note is pinned in the center, along with pictures from the club and a copy of the Phantom of the Opera playbill.

Holt enters.

HOLT

Alright, what have you got?

TERRY

I talked to the bartender yesterday and cross-referenced his information with what Jake saw when he chased down the Phantom.

JAKE

We're thinking our perp is a new hire to the club, guy named Tom. Some cops showed up at his address, but the apartment was empty. No one's seen him since yesterday.

TERRY

He knows we're onto him, but if he's dedicated to this Phantom thing, then he's not going to run.

JAKE

He's going to strike at tonight's big show.

HOLT

Why not just close the club?

JAKE

We need to get this guy, Captain. I want to put this bigot behind bars.

HOLT

Bigot, huh?

Rosa sticks her head in the room.

ROSA

Bigot, huh?

JAKE

Rosa!

Rosa enters.

ROSA

What's going on in here?

JAKE

Terry and I are tracking a guy targeting the Gay Eighties club.

ROSA

Sounds tight. I want in.

JAKE

Uh, no can do. I'm working with Terry on this one.

ROSA

So?

HOLT

We can't have more than two on a case right now. Don't you have your own cases anyway?

ROSA

Yeah, but I can take on another one. Come on! This is part of the community, these are my people.

HOLT

Your people?

ROSA

Pride Week is still pretty new for me. Let me help out.

TERRY

She can switch places with me. I'll stay in the office. I'm happier here, anyway.

JAKE

No, Terry, I need your Phantom knowledge!

ROSA

What do you know about Phantom of the Opera?

Terry shifts and mutters.

JAKE

I'm sorry, Rosa. This isn't personal.

Rosa scowls.

ROSA

Right. Just years of friendship, no big deal.

JAKE

Rosa...

ROSA
 Whatever, I'm gonna take it out on
 the wings Hitchcock and Scully left
 in the fridge.

Rosa storms out. Jake goes to follow her.

JAKE
 Rosa, wait!

Holt stops him.

HOLT
 I'll talk to her, Jake. I need to
 know what you're planning for
 tonight.

JAKE
 Right.

TERRY
 The Phantom sees everything in the
 building. He knows it inside and
 out.

JAKE
 Which means we have to hide in
 plain sight. Which means we're
 going...

INT. GAY 80S CLUB - DAY

The club is still empty, mostly dark but with more light on
 stage.

Jake and Terry stand on the stage in full drag, presenting
 themselves to Holt.

JAKE
 ... Undercover!

Holt shakes his head.

HOLT
 There's no way you two can pass as
 queens. You can't walk the walk!
 And the club opens in an hour.

MISS TURI (O.S.)
 That's where I come in.

The curtain in the back of the stage opens and Miss Turi
 strides out, this time in full outfit and makeup.

JAKE
Miss Turi!

MISS TURI
If you guys are going to catch the creep that's been ruining my dress rehearsals, I want to help.

JAKE
Noice!

HOLT
You don't feel that these two are bastardizing your art form?

MISS TURI
Hmm. Maybe like this, but I think I can turn these caterpillars into butterflies with time to spare. I have very capable hands.

HOLT
Well, Godspeed to you, then. I have to get back to the precinct.

JAKE
You're not going to be at the show?

HOLT
I'm sure you'll... slay.

Holt exits. Jake sighs as he and Terry turn to face Miss Turi completely.

MISS TURI
Are you ready, boys?

TERRY
As we'll ever be. Ma'am.

Terry flexes. Jake blinks rapidly and points at his false lashes.

JAKE
Feels like my eyes are doing push-ups with these things.

Jake flips the hair from his wig over his shoulder. Terry does the same, but his wig nearly flies off.

Jake and Terry strut up and down the stage with Miss Turi directing them.

Jake strikes a dramatic pose. Terry flexes.

INT. GAY 80S CLUB BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A HEAVY BASSLINE is heard O.S., along with the muffled sounds of CHEERS. The drag show is in full swing.

Miss Turi claps for Jake and Terry, who stand tall and fierce in front of her.

MISS TURI
My little babies are all grown up.

TERRY
I've never felt so beautiful in my life.

JAKE
I don't want to brag, but I think I look better in a dress than Amy does.

MISS TURI
There's still one thing missing, though. Your drag queen names!

JAKE
Oh, I've been thinking about this one all day. I'm... Dianne Hard.

Terry deflates.

TERRY
I'll be... I'm...

MISS TURI
May I?

Terry nods. Miss Turi places a flashy tiara on Terry's head.

MISS TURI (CONT'D)
I christen thee... Boo-Tique!

Terry lifts his tiara, dazzled, and blows kisses to an invisible crowd.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Next up, the Gay Eighties Club is proud to present special guest, Miss Turi!

MISS TURI
That's our cue. Remember what we're doing.

JAKE
 Deep breaths, keep balance, focus
 on the lines.

MISS TURI
 No... The Phantom.

JAKE
 Oh, yeah, that's right.

Jake, Terry, and Miss Turi head for the stage.

INT. GAY 80S CLUB - NIGHT

Miss Turi leads the trio onto the stage, their MUSIC playing loudly. Lights flash off glitter on the stage, swept up in their gowns and spinning in the air.

They strut while Miss Turi SINGS, striking poses and dancing as the crowd CHEERS.

Terry and Jake dance close together.

JAKE
 (over the music)
 Notice anything?

TERRY
 (over the music)
 Nothing yet. Keep your eyes peeled.

The performance continues. Nothing out of the ordinary happens.

Suddenly, a VILLANOUS LAUGH overpowers the music. The crowd GASPS.

Terry turns and looks, wide eyed, at the disco ball over the stage.

TERRY (CONT'D)
 Look out!

The disco ball swings pendulously, then careens toward the stage.

The audience SCREAMS.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. GAY 80S CLUB - NIGHT**

Terry dives across the stage and pulls Miss Turi out of the way of the falling disco ball. Jake dives the opposite way.

The Phantom darts from the rafters, but this time Jake takes off to the backstage without hesitation.

INT. GAY 80S CLUB BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Jake yanks off his heels as the Phantom drops from the ceiling.

JAKE
Stop right there!

The drag queens unfurl pantyhose under the feet of the Phantom as he runs, and he slips and slides over the concrete floor. Still, he doesn't stop.

As the Phantom is chased through the stacks of large props, Jake throws his heels and causes the props to collapse around the Phantom.

Jake is right on his tail as the Phantom dives through his secret door.

INT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

The Phantom leaps on top of a nearby parade float, taking long strides. Jake hauls himself up after him, but struggles with his dress.

JAKE
Ah! Dresses are not good for
climbing! Who knew?

The Phantom gains a lead, jumping from one float to another and blending into the shadows.

Suddenly, a BOOM catches the Phantom off-guard. He cries out as a shower of colorful glitter blasts in his face. He teeters on the edge of the float before falling into a tub of more glitter.

Jake dives in after him, quickly securing his hands and clasping them in cuffs.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You're under arrest, Phantom! The
music of the night is over!

Jake turns over his shoulder as a FIGURE emerges from the shadows of a float. The lights come on, revealing Rosa with a glitter canon propped against her hip.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Rosa! What are you doing here?

ROSA
I know you said I wasn't a good fit
for this case but I've seen the
Phantom of the Opera before. You
guys needed a Raul.

JAKE
Does that make me Christine?

MISS TURI
Hardly, honey.

Miss Turi, Terry, and other queens file in through the open wall, peering around the floats.

Jake hefts the Phantom to his feet. Terry runs up to help.

JAKE
Thanks for coming through, Rosa.
I'm sorry I hurt your feelings.

ROSA
It's all good. I shouldn't have
taken it personally when you chose
Terry. It's just too bad I didn't
get to see you two perform.

MISS TURI
About that... What do you think
about an encore performance
tomorrow?

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Amy sighs as she flips through her binder. She looks up, over the rowdy crowd of protestors led by Molly.

She sidles up beside one of the OFFICERS maintaining watch. Amy locks eyes with one of them, GENEVIEVE, looking at her from under the brim of her hat.

AMY

I can't believe I'm doing this...

Amy checks her watch. Genevieve checks hers. Charles appears down the road, huffing and puffing as he jogs up to the scene.

Amy takes a deep breath.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hey! Molly! Get a load of this!

The crowd turns toward her and gets Molly's attention.

Amy grabs Genevieve by the waist and dips her, away from the crowd to body block their sight as she leans over.

The crowd BOOS and SHOUTS as they close in.

When it splits, Charles stares down the opening like it's the Red Sea parting. He grins as he takes off in a run, spreading his arms like he's crossing the finish line of the restaurant's door.

INT. WING SLUTZ - DAY

Hitchcock and Scully sit at a table littered with three empty buckets, grinning to each other as they munch on a fourth. Their waitress approaches with a camera.

WAITRESS

Hey, corporate wants pictures for the promo on the website. Is it cool if I get you guys?

Hitchcock and Scully lean in over their bucket, turning to smile at the camera. The waitress giggles.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Come on, give me a kiss!

Hitchcock wipes his hands as he gets up.

HITCHCOCK

Well, well, if you insist!

WAITRESS

You're so silly! I meant your partner!

They freeze.

HITCHCOCK

What?

SCULLY

Why would he kiss me?

WAITRESS

You're together, right? That's...
the whole promotion.

HITCHCOCK

What! I'm married! To a woman!

SCULLY

We're police partners!

WAITRESS

Wait, you thought that Pride Week
was offering deals to co-workers?

HITCHCOCK

The ad just said partners!

WAITRESS

Well, okay. Look, I can't give you
the deal today. You're going to
have to pay full price.

The two gawk at the chicken wings and sauce smears. Hitchcock flops into his seat.

SCULLY

If we kiss, we get the deal?

The waitress nods. Hitchcock and Scully lock eyes with intensity. They slowly start to lean in over the table. The waitress readies her camera.

A moment before their lips meet, Scully lifts a saucy wing in front of his mouth. Hitchcock presses his lips to the other side. The camera SNAPS.

WAITRESS

I... guess this will work.

Hitchcock and Scully separate as she leaves. They laugh, pulling meat off the bone to share.

HITCHCOCK

Good thinking. That was a close
one.

SCULLY

Can you believe they thought we were a couple? You're not even my type!

HITCHCOCK

I'm way out of your league, anyway.

Hitchcock pats Scully's shoulder, leaving saucy prints.

INT. GAY 80S CLUB - NIGHT

Miss Turi leads a performance on stage with Jake and Terry in drag, with MUSIC from the Phantom of the Opera playing. The squad is gathered to watch.

Holt taps his foot. Rosa eyes him.

ROSA

Wait, I thought you didn't like this play.

HOLT

Don't tell Kevin.

Charles takes pictures with his phone at the bar of a fancy drink, topped with whipped cream and sparklers. He takes a big gulp through a crazy straw, then turns to the stage.

CHARLES

Go, Jake! Slay! That's my best friend!

Jake climbs off the stage to Amy in front of the crowd, pulling her into an embrace. He plants a kiss on her lips, his lipstick leaving a bright print.

END OF SHOW